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1827.





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HYMNS

FOR

INFANT SCHOOLS.

BY MRS. GILBERT,

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Child.

How very great that God must be,
 Who rolls them through the air !
 And will he deign to notice me,
 Or listen to my prayer ?
 O tell me, will he condescend
 To be a little infant's friend ?

Mother.

He will, my love ; and though he made
 Those wonders in the sky,
 You never need to be afraid
 He should neglect your cry ;
 For, humble as a child may be,
 A child that prays he loves to see.

Behold the daisy where you tread,
 That little lowly thing ;
 Behold the insects overhead,
 That play about in spring ;
 Tho' we may think them mean and small,
 Yet God takes notice of them all.

And will not Jesus deign to make
 A feeble child his care ?
 Ah, yes ! he died for children's sake,
 And loves the infant's prayer.—
 God made the stars and daisies too,
 And watches over them and you.

3. *" Our Father who art in Heaven."*

GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I, a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

Art thou my Father?—Canst thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

Art thou my Father?—Let me be
A meek obedient child to thee;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do, and be,
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

Art thou my Father?—Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

4. *Against wandering Thoughts.*

OH! let me never, never dare
To act the trifler's part;
Or think that God will hear a prayer,
That comes not from my heart.

HYMNS FOR INFANT SCHOOLS.

But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do ;
Then while I seek him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.

5. *A Morning Hymn.*

My Father, I thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest ;
I thank thee for stooping to keep
An infant from being distressed ;
O how can a poor little creature repay
Thy fatherly kindness by night and by day !

My voice would be lisping thy praise,
My heart would repay thee with love ;
O teach me to walk in thy ways,
And fit me to see thee above !
For Jesus said, " Let little children come nigh,"
And he will not despise such an infant as I.

As long as thou seest it right
That here upon earth I should stay,
I pray thee to guard me by night,
And help me to serve thee by day :
That when all the days of my life shall have
pass'd,
I may worship thee better in heaven at last.

6. *An Evening Hymn.*

LORD, I have passed another day,
And come to thank thee for thy care :
Forgive my faults in work and play,
And listen to my evening prayer.

HYMNS FOR INFANT SCHOOLS.

Thy favour gives me daily bread,
And friends who all my wants supply ;
And safely now I rest my head,
Preserved and guarded by thine eye.

Look down in pity, and forgive
Whate'er I've said or done amiss ;
And help me every day I live
To serve thee better than in this.

Now, while I speak, be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath thy care ;
And condescend for Jesus' sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.

We should do as we would be done by.

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As children ought to be.

We never need behave amiss,
Nor feel uncertain long,
As we can always tell by this
If things are right or wrong.

I know I should not steal or use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose,
If it belonged to me.

And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow ;
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.

Whether I am at home, at school,
Or walking out abroad,
I never should forget this rule
Of Jesus Christ the Lord.



8. *God sees every thing, and knows every thing.*

I'm not too young for God to see ;
He knows my name and nature too,
And all day long he looks at me,
And sees my actions through and through.

He listens to the words I say,
And knows the thoughts I have within,
And whether I'm at work or play,
He's sure to see it if I sin.

Oh ! how could children tell a lie,
Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,
If they remember'd God was by,
And had them always in his sight.

If some good minister is near,
It makes us careful what we do ;
And how much more we ought to fear
The eye that sees us through and through.

Then when I want to do amiss,
However pleasant it might be,
Lord, help me to remember this,
I'm not too young for God to see !

1. *About Jealousy, and what it comes to.*

By envious Cain we're taught
How murder may begin ;
And how one angry jealous thought
May lead to greater sin.

Our evil actions spring
From small and hidden seeds,
At first we think some wicked thing,
Then practise wicked deeds.

Cain once, perhaps, might start
At what he soon would be ;
But they who trust an evil heart,
May prove as vile as he.

With many a fair pretence
It tempts us further on,
And hides the dreadful consequence
Till life and hope are gone.

Oh for a holy fear
Of every evil way,
That we may never venture near
The path that leads astray.

Wherever it begins
 It leads to death and woe ;
 And he who fears not little sins
 A sinner's doom shall know.

10. *Praise for daily Mercies.*

LORD, I would own thy tender care,
 And all thy love to me ;
 The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
 Are all bestow'd by thee.

'Tis thou preservest me from death
 And danger every hour ;
 I cannot draw another breath
 Unless thou give me power.

My health, and friends, and parents dear,
 To me by God are given ;
 I have not any blessing here
 But what is sent from heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
 A child can ne'er repay ;
 But may it be my daily prayer,
 To love thee and obey.

11. *Thoughts for a good Child.*

THIS is nice, to come to school
 Just in time, for that's the rule,
 Not to run about and play,
 Like bad truants on the way.

This is pleasant, to be good,
Doing every thing we should,
Minding all that we are taught,
Dutiful, as children ought.

This is right, the truth to tell,
Liars will be sent to hell;
Yes, and those who swear and cheat,
Like bad children in the street.

This is pretty, to be kind,
That is what we all should mind,
Not to quarrel, not to fight,
Quarrelling is never right.

No, we ought to try and be
Fit for Jesus Christ to see;
He will help us if we try,
'Twas for that he came to die.

12. *Upon paying proper Attention at School.*

DEAR children, have you ever thought
That you will come to school in vain,
Unless you think of what you're taught,
And *try* instruction to obtain.

The meaning must be understood
Of every lesson that you say,
Else it will do you little good,
Although repeated every day.

Read all your words distinct and slow,
That you may think of what they mean,
And pay attention as you go
To make the proper stops between.

Allow no idle thought or look ;
Let no disturbing sound be heard ;
And when you read God's holy book
Be sure you mind it every word.

His holy will is written there ;
For our instruction 'tis designed ;
Then surely we should never dare
To read it with a thoughtless mind.

13. *Things that ought to be remembered.*

THESE are the things I ought to mind ;
To come in time, and every day,
And never idly wait behind,
For no good reason, or to play.

To put my clothes on neat and tight,
And see my hands and face are clean ;
And mind to say my lessons right,
And to remember what they mean.

My books I must not tear or lose,
But always keep them smooth and neat ;
And wicked words I must not use,
Such as I hear about the street.

I must remember what I'm told,
 And always do as I am bid :
 And not be obstinate or bold,
 Or cross, or sulky, when I'm chid.

And when I am not at the school,
 Even if nobody should see,
 I ought to think of every rule,
 And be as good as good can be.

14. "*In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up ; in the evening it is cut down and withereth.*"

THE lilies of the field,
 That quickly fade away,
 May well to us a lesson yield,
 Who die as soon as they.

That pretty blossom see,
 Decaying on the walk ;
 A storm came sweeping o'er the tree,
 And broke its feeble stalk.

Just like an early rose,
 I've seen an infant bloom ;
 But Death, perhaps, before it blows,
 Will lay it in the tomb.

Then let us think on Death,
 Though we are young and gay ;
 For God, who gave our life and breath,
 Can take them soon away.

To God, who loves them all,
Let children humbly cry ;
And then whenever death may call,
They'll be prepared to die.

15.

About myself.

My hands,—how nicely they are made
To hold, and touch, and do !
I'll try to learn some honest trade,
That will be useful too.

My eyes,—how fit they are to read,
And mind my work, and look !
I ought to think of that, indeed,
And use them at my book.

My tongue,—'twas surely never meant
To quarrel,—or to swear !
To speak the truth my tongue was sent,
And also for my prayer.

My thoughts,—for what can they be given?
For thinking, to be sure !
That I might think of God, and heaven,
And learn my faults to cure.

My heart,—and all the fear and love
That in my bosom dwell ?—
My love,—was made for heaven above,
My fear,—to fly from hell.

16.

God punishes Liars.

No real advantage can proceed,
From doing what is wrong ;
For if at first it should succeed,
'Twill not continue long.

Elisha's servant told a lie,
In hopes to gain some gold ;
He knew his master was not by,
And never would be told.

But God with great displeasure sees
The money thus procured ;
And, for this sin, a sad disease
He all his life endured.

When Ananias thought to hide
The money he had got,
He and his wife Sapphira died
For their deceitful plot.

Then let us all avoid, and fear
To say what is not true,
As God can always see and hear,
And he can punish too.

17. *Upon the Shortness and Uncertainty of our Lives.*

Our life is never at a stand,
'Tis like a fading flower ;
Death, which is always near at hand,
Comes nearer every hour.

And those who now are young and gay,
Like roses in their bloom ;
Will very soon be old and gray,
And wither in the tomb.

Though Adam lived nine-hundred years,
Methuselah still more ;
Though Enoch very old appears,
Seth, Abraham, and Noah ;

Yet time, that travels on so fast,
Has swept them all away :
The oldest men must die at last,
And so at last did they.

How often has the bell been toll'd—
The funeral moved along !
'Twas for the young as well as old,
The healthy and the strong.

For now man's life doth seldom last
To threescore years and ten ;
And oh, the time will soon be past
If we should live till then.

Then let us all prepare to die,
Since death is near and sure ;
And then it will not signify
If we were rich or poor.

18. *Do not put off till to-morrow what should be done
to day.*

WHATEVER work we have to do
Should never be delayed ;
Because the same excuses too
To-morrow may be made.

Let each day's work be done by night ;
The present moment seize ;
For that will make our labour light,
And set our minds at ease.

Delay is dangerous—and it turns
To trouble in the end ;
But chiefly in our soul's concerns
It must to ruin tend.

Oh 'tis a folly and a crime
To put religion by !
For *now* is the accepted time ;
To-morrow we may die.

Our hearts grow harder every day,
And more depraved the mind ;
The longer we neglect to pray,
The less we feel inclined.

Yet sinners trifle, young and old,
Until their dying day ;
Then, they would give a world of gold
To have an hour to pray.

Oh then lest *we* should perish thus,
We would no longer wait;
For time will soon be past with us,
And death must fix our state.

19. *Against Spite and Anger.*

IN whom does Jesus Christ delight?
And who shall dwell with him above?
The angry child that loves to fight,
Is one that Jesus cannot love.

He saw the sudden blow we gave,
He noticed every angry word;
And every wicked thought we have,
His eye has seen, his ear has heard.

O thou who wast so meek and mild,
Thou gentle Saviour, hear our cry;
And help a weak and sinful child,
Each rising passion to deny.

Without thee we shall sin again,
And wander from thee more and more;
Our resolutions will be vain,
As they have often been before.

Be thou our help in time of need,
And send thy Spirit from above;
That we, in thought, and word, and deed,
May all be such as thou can'st love.

20.

Against Selfishness.

Love and kindness we may measure
By this simple rule alone :
Do we mind our neighbour's pleasure,
And desire it like our own ?

We should always care for others,
Nor suppose ourselves the best ;
Let us love like friends and brothers—
'Twas the Saviour's last request.

His example we should borrow,
Who forsook his throne above ;
And endured such pain and sorrow
Out of tenderness and love.

When the poor are unbefriended,
When we will not pity lend ;
Christ accounts himself offended,
Who is every creature's friend.

Let us not be so ungrateful,
Thus his goodness to reward ;
Selfishness, indeed, is hateful
In the followers of the Lord.

When a selfish thought would seize us,
And our resolution break ;
Let us then remember Jesus,
And resist it for his sake.

21. *To Parents and Children.*

How happy and thankful dear children should
be

(For great is the blessing indeed)

When they meet with kind friends, who unite
and agree,

To teach them to work and to read.

And parents a wise and religious concern

For their children's best welfare display,

Who are not unwilling to send them to learn,

Nor indulge them in keeping away.

What parents the dreadful reflection could
bear—

(Whose children bad courses begin)

That once they withheld that instruction and
care,

Which might have preserved them from sin!

Instruction can never be given in vain ;

For even in worldly concerns,

Whatever the station in life we sustain,

To credit and profit it turns.

Our health is uncertain, and riches take wings

And leave us still wretched and poor ;

But learning, and knowledge of heavenly things

Will ever remain and endure.

The Scriptures these durable riches contain,

Far better than silver or gold :

Let children be willing this knowledge to gain,

Nor parents the blessing withhold.

And let us remember that day is at hand,
 When each shall receive his reward :
 When parents, and children, and teacher must
 stand,
 And give an account to their Lord.

22. *About Work and Play.*

Poor children, who are all the day
 Allowed to wander out,
 And only waste their time in play,
 Or running wild about,—

Who do not any school attend,
 But idle as they will,
 Are almost certain, in the end,
 To come to something ill.

Some play is good to make us strong,
 And school to make us wise,
 But *always* play is very wrong,
 And what we should despise.

There's nothing worse than idleness
 For making children bad,
 'Tis sure to lead them to distress,
 And much that's very sad.

Sometimes they learn to lie and cheat,
 Sometimes to steal and swear ;
 These are the lessons in the street,
 For those who idle there.

But how much better 'tis to learn
 To count, and spell, and read !
 'Tis best to play and work in turn,
 'Tis very nice indeed.



23. *Brotherly Love.*

THE God of heaven is pleased to see
 A little family agree ;
 And will not slight the praise they bring
 When loving children join to sing.

For love and kindness please him more
 Than if we gave him all our store ;
 And children here who dwell in love,
 Are like his little ones above.

The gentle child that tries to please,
 That hates to quarrel, fret and tease,
 And would not say an angry word ;
 That child is pleasing to the Lord.

Great God ! forgive, whenever we
 Forget thy will, and disagree ;
 And grant that each of us may find
 The sweet delight of being kind.

24. *The Folly of Finery.*

SOME poor little ignorant children delight
 In wearing fine ribbons and caps ;
 But this is a very ridiculous sight,
 Though they do not know it perhaps.

Clean hands, and clean faces and neatly comb'd
hair,
And garments made decent and plain,
Are better than all the fine things they can
wear,
Which make them look vulgar and vain.

A girl who will keep herself tidy and clean,
As most children easily may,
Needs not be afraid or ashamed to be seen,
Whoever may come in her way.

Then, children, attend to the words you repeat,
And always remember this line ;—
'Tis a *credit* to any good girl to be neat,
But quite a *disgrace* to be fine.

25. *About sinning against God.*

God is a Spirit, He can see
My very thoughts within ;
And this is what he says to me,
“ Child,—never dare to sin !”

When once I know within my heart,
That any thing is wrong,
I must not act that wicked part,
However I may long.

'Tis God who gives me life and breath,
And home, and food, and clothes,
Though he could send me down to death,
This moment, if he chose.

But day by day he lets me live,
And keeps me safe at night,
And the best thanks a child can give,
Is, doing what is right.

Let me not grieve his holy eye;
But when he looks within,
May He a tender heart espy,
That is afraid of sin.

26.

The Lily of the Valley.

COME, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn.—
See the lily on the bed,
Hanging down its modest head,
While it scarcely can be seen,
Folded in its leaf of green.

Yet we love the lily well
For its sweet and pleasant smell;
And would rather call it ours,
Than a many gayer flowers.
Pretty lilies seem to be
Emblems of humility.

Come, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn.—
Let your temper be as sweet
As the lily at your feet:
Be as gentle, be as mild,
Be a modest, simple child.

'Tis not beauty that we prize,
 Like a summer flower it dies.
 But humility will last,
 Fair and sweet, when beauty's past.
 And the Saviour from above
 Views a humble child with love.

27. *About Solomon, "who was the King of Israel and the wisest of Men."*

KING Solomon of old
 A happy choice had made;
 'Twas not for life, 'twas not for gold,
 Nor honours, that he prayed.

He chose that better part,
 That leads to heav'nly joys;—
 A wise and understanding heart,
 And God approved his choice.

And though both wealth and ease,
 And power and honour came,
 We find he did not gain from these
 His glory and his fame.

Far better than his crown,
 And all his grand array,
 That wisdom which the Lord sent down,
 To guide him in his way.

For grandeur, wealth, and power,
 Must all their glories yield,
 To any little modest flower
 That blossoms in the field.

King Solomon bespread
With gems from distant seas,
Was not at last, as Jesus said,
Array'd like one of these.

But wisdom from above
Will teach us heavenly things ;
How we may learn to fear and love,
And serve the King of kings.

If this is what we seek,
We cannot ask amiss ;
The youngest, poorest child may speak,
And ask the Lord for this.

Then bow to wisdom's voice,
While life and health are given ;
And make that wise and happy choice
Which brings the soul to heaven.

28.

"Thou God seest me."

AMONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way ?
Yes, God is like a shining light
That turns the darkness into day.

When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control ?
No, for a constant watch He keeps
On every thought of every soul.

If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone ;
On every side there would be God.

He smiles in heaven, he frowns to hell,
He fills the air, the earth, the sea ;
I *must* within his presence dwell ;
I *cannot* from his anger flee.

Yet I may flee,—he shews me where ;
To Jesus Christ he bids me fly :
And while I seek for pardon there,
There's only mercy in his eye.

29. *About believing in Jesus Christ.*

PART I.

Child.

I WANT to know the reason why
That we to Jesus Christ must fly ;
And what's the meaning, when you say
We must *believe*, for that's the way ?

We often read or hear his name,
And we believe that Jesus came ;
But can we get to heaven's bliss
For only just believing this ?

Teacher.

No, dearest child, this is not all,
Your very heart must hear his call ;
And when you feel you've naughty been,
Believe that he can pardon sin.

He came to earth, came down from heaven,
And died, that we might be forgiven ;
And this is what we must believe,—
Those who *repent* he will receive.

Be really sorry, and rely
On Jesus Christ who came to die,
And pray to have your sins forgiven,
And he will help you on to heaven.

30. *About believing in Jesus Christ.*

PART II.

Child.

BUT how can Jesus help us on ?
You know that he to heaven is gone :
And will he leave his throne on high
To help us children when we try ?

Teacher.

No, he will still be shining there,
But he, my love, is every where ;
And well his tender heart will know
The little thoughts you think below.

And when you feel that sin is bad,
And think you should be really glad
To leave it off, and serve him more
Than ever you have done before ;

And when you find a wish to try,
O-then believe that Christ is nigh,
And that he listens to your prayer
As well as if you saw him there.

Soon then, you'll feel some strength wit
To try and turn away from sin ;
And love, and thanks, to him will rise
For caring for you in the skies.

He need not come, you know my dear,
He is in heaven, and he is here ;
And this is what he waits to do,
To put his Spirit into you.

31.

About believing in Jesus Christ.

PART III.

THAT is a strange, surprising thing !
Will Jesus Christ his Spirit bring,
And put a holy heart in me ?
I cannot think how that can be !

But if the Bible says he will,
I hope I shall believe it still,
And always ask him when I pray
To take my sinful heart away.

Lord make me clean, put into me
Such holy thoughts as are in thee ;
And let me love thee, and depend
With all my heart on such a friend.

'Tis true that I am poor and weak,
But thou hast strength that I may seek ;
Lord let me from thy strength receive,
And help me, help me to believe.

32. *About Daniel "the Prophet, who was saved in the lion's den, because he prayed to God; and the three Jews, who were cast into the fiery furnace, and were not burnt."*

Good Daniel would not cease to pray
With all his foes in view :
He called on God three times a day,
As he was used to do ;
Nor feared the power of wicked men,
Who put him in the lion's den.

Nor was he of those beasts afraid,
Though ready to devour ;
The Lord his God, to whom he prayed,
Preserved him from their power :
The hungry lions did not dare
To touch the holy prophet there.

And thus the Lord did once preserve
Three good young men of old,
Who did not dare bow down and serve
The image made of gold :
For as they feared his holy name,
He saved them from the burning flame.

Then let us walk in wisdom's way,
Though troubles may afflict ;
Though wicked people often say
We need not be so strict ;
For God, who kept his servants thus,
Would surely be as kind to us.

33. *Many Questions and one Answer.*

IN winter, where can be the flowers,
And leaves that look so green ?
There's not a bud in all the bowers,
Or daisy to be seen !

And who will bring them back again,
When pleasant Spring comes out ?
And plant them up and down the lane,
And spread them all about ?

And who will send the little lambs,
With wool as soft as silk,
And teach them all to know their dams,
And where to find the milk ?

And who will tell the pretty bird
To build its nest on high,
And, though it cannot speak a word,
To teach its young to fly ?

The Lord in heaven,—there he dwells,
Who all these things can do !
How good he is !—the Bible tells
Much more about him too.

34. *The little Pilgrim.*

THERE is a path that leads to God :—
All others go astray ;
Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be pass'd ;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will get to heaven at last.

How shall an infant pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread ?
For on the way is many a snare
For youthful travellers spread ;

While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair ;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

But, lest my feeble steps should slide
Or wander from thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

Then I may go without alarm,
And trust his word of old,—
“The lambs he'll gather with his arm,
And lead them to the fold.”

Thus I may safely venture through,
Beneath my Shepherd's care,
And keep the gate of heaven in view,
Till I shall enter there.

STARS, that on your wondrous way
Travel through the evening sky,
Is there nothing you can say
To such a little child as I?
Tell me for I long to know,
Who has made you sparkle so?

Yes, methinks I hear you say,
"Child of mortal race, attend;
While we run our wondrous way,
Listen; we would be your friend;
Teaching you that Name divine,
By whose mighty word we shine.

"Child, as truly as we roll
Through the dark and distant sky,
You have an immortal soul,
Born to live when we shall die.
Suns and planets pass away,
Spirits never can decay.

When some thousand years, at most,
All their little time have spent,
One by one our sparkling host
Shall forsake the firmament;
We shall from our glory fall,
You must live beyond us all.

O then, while your breath is given,
Let it rise in fervent prayer;
And beseech the God of heaven
To receive your spirit there,
Like a living star to blaze
Ever to your Saviour's praise."

36.

God every where.

God made the world—in every land
His love and power abound :
All are protected by his hand,
As well as British ground.

The Indian hut, the English cot,
Alike his care must own ;
Though savage nations know him not,
But worship wood and stone.

He sees and governs distant lands,
And constant bounty pours,
From wild Arabia's burning sands
To Lapland's frozen shores.

In forest shades, and silent plains,
Where feet have never trod,
There in majestic power he reigns,
An ever present God.

All the inhabitants of earth,
Who dwell beneath the sun,
Of diff'rent nations, name and birth,
He knows them every one.

Alike the rich and poor are known,
The cultured and the wild ;
The lofty monarch on the throne,
And every little child.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

While he regards the wise and fair,
The noble and the brave,
He listens to the beggar's prayer,
And the poor negro slave.

He knows the worthy from the vile,
And sends his mercies down :
None are too mean to share his smile,
Or to provoke his frown.

Great God ! and since thy piercing eye
My inmost heart can see,
Teach me from every sin to fly,
And turn that heart to thee.











